



## Deborah Appleby

Established Professional, Crafts  
Lewes

Deborah Appleby is one of a small number of American glass blowers patient enough to learn and practice time-tested European techniques of the craft. In her work, form meets function in such utilitarian, yet beautiful, pieces as drinking glasses and goblets, pitchers, bowls, platters, sinks, and Christmas balls.



Deborah Appleby, *The Big Girl's Sister Irene*, murrine vase, 2006

Appleby's glassblowing career began 14 years ago with a winter weekend workshop in New York, when the thought of being in a warm environment was enticing. It was followed by classes at Penland School of Crafts in North Carolina, Pilchuk Glass School in Washington and Maine's Haystack Mountain School of Crafts, then various jobs in Europe. A native Delawarean, she established her studio in Lewes six years ago.

Most of Appleby's work is privately commissioned. She has several major hotel clients and has custom designed pieces for people in the movie industry. Her work is sold directly from her workshop/gallery The Studio on 24 and through the Peninsula Gallery in Lewes. The Biggs Museum of American Art in Dover recently purchased one of her pieces.

*In my work I have tried to use glass's natural properties in a way that lends itself to the realization of my design. I select aesthetic and structural properties that go with, rather than against, the grain of glass.*

*When making formal decisions which concern aesthetic structure, I draw on the elements of my environment that embody some of the naturally occurring aspects of glass. I look at water and the ocean for color and optical effect; I look at flora for form and shape.*

*In my current work, I have tried to expand on my core philosophies by once again drawing from nature, whether it be the force of motion in a crashing wave or the grounding strength of an old tree. My new direction is to incorporate artistry within the craftsmanship,*

*therefore expanding the aesthetic base of my work. I believe I can do this by incorporating more movement [and] more surface exploration. I want to integrate new techniques, such as surface embellishment, to add depth and a new level of design.*

Kevin Fleming



## Jennifer Zeberkiewicz

Emerging Professional, Creative Nonfiction  
Wilmington

In addition to her job as marketing and communications manager for a credit union, Jennifer Zeberkiewicz is a freelance writer whose work has won awards from the Delaware Press Association. She is a former staff reporter for Hockessin-based Community Publications and writes features for the weekly Crossroads section of The News Journal. She is a graduate of the University of Delaware with a bachelor's degree in English and a concentration in journalism.

*I wasn't the kind of person who always knew what I wanted to do when I grew up, but from the time I was in middle school, I loved to write reports and my favorite class was English.*

*In college, while most of my classmates were seriously interested in sports or news writing, one professor saw my strength was in more creative, features-type writing and gave me some books to hone my skills. I've also had some great editors that gave me both positive and negative feedback to help me improve.*

*People I meet always tell me I have funny stories and that I meet very interesting people. "You should write a book about that" is something I've heard many, many times. And that's what I want to do — eventually. I have a ton of short stories I start, and I save them because one day I hope to include them in a book or a screenplay. In the meantime, I love to write articles for the local newspaper and some magazines.*

*I also write because I like to meet nice people who try to make a difference, whether it's something that will help the environment or a person who has a disability and works around [it].... These people inspire me.*

My earliest, most vivid memory of my grandmother was Christmas 1982, when I was six years old. Dressed in my pretty lacy green velvet dress, my pigtails in ringlets and my skinny little legs covered in those ankle length white socks with the lace on top, I sat patiently on her couch, with a great big smile on my face, as my mom's mom, my grandmother, got out two big shopping bags full of gifts and divided them between me, my mom and my dad.

My grandmother, or, as I called her, Babcia, which means "grandmother" in Polish, dusted off the tops of the gifts and handed two to me, two to my mom and one little one to my dad. I grabbed the two boxes, ripped the handmade ribbon and card off and let them dangle onto the floor as I opened my gifts. A glimpse of sun reflected on her dusty, graying windows and my hazel green eyes widened in sheer anticipation. What gift from my Christmas list would my Babcia get for me? As my dad snickered to himself and my mom looked down on the floor, I pushed the tissue paper to the side and saw my gifts — one was a plastic angel and the other was a collection of half-used hotel-room toiletries. I turned to my mom sitting quietly by my side and frowned as my mom quickly collected herself, picked me up and said, "What useful items for my little girl," as my dad just shook his head.

Excerpt from the short story "Grandmother's Parables,"  
by Jennifer Zeberkiewicz